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Northern Messenger

W Bronscombe 1908

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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Christ Blessing Little Children.

(Edwin Arnold.)

From 'Footsteps of the Master,' published by Thomas Nelson Page & Sons, London.

'JESUS LAID HIS HANDS UPON THEIR HEADS AND BLESSED THEM.'

Well painted, Painter! Yes; thy colors stoop,
As that they show did, to the root of things!
Thy Christ hath eyes whose weary glances droop,
Marred with much love, and all the tears it brings;
The ring of faces, brightened from His face,
Bear earth's mark deepest, and want Heaven's help most;
The children—soft, albeit, their Syrian grace—
Clasp sun-burned breasts and drink of milk that cost
Sweat to provide it. Yet, how the Divine
Breaks through the clay! how Faith's gold gilds the story!
How longing for Heaven's light makes low things shine!
How glorious—at its dimmest—is Love's glory!
We gaze; we are with Him in Palestine.

Lord Christ! these are 'the little ones' who come!
Thou spakest 'Suffer them'—yea! thou didst say
'Forbid them not!'—yea! 'mid thy Kingdom, some
Are like to these, thou saidst! Do angels lay
Small, aching heads on sorrow-burdened bosoms?
Do thy young angels work, and starve, and weep?
Is it in Heaven as here that life's first blossoms
Wither to dust so soon, and will not keep
Fragrance and joy, save for so brief a space?
Ah, Christ! those, too were children, with the eyes
Tear-troubled, toil-worn frame, and wasted face!
What comfort hast thou, what supreme surprise
Of hope for us, who have most need of grace?

Little sweet sister! at his sacred knee,
Soft peasant-sister! sucking at thy thumb,
Touched to thy tiny heart with the mystery,
Glad to be brought, but far too shy to come—
Yes! tremble—but steal closer! let it cover
All of thy head, that piteous, potent hand!
And, mothers! reach your round-eyed babies over,
To have their turn—naught though they understand!
For these thereby are safe, being so kissed
By that Love's lips which kisses out from Heaven!
And we—with 'little children' but no Christ—
Press in: perchance a blessing may be given
Through them to us, though we the chance have missed.

What Sincerity Is.

Love contains no complete and lasting happiness save in the transparent atmosphere of perfect sincerity. To the point of this sincerity, love is but an experiment; we live in expectation, and our words and kisses are only provisional. But sincerity is not possible except between lofty and trained consciences. Moreover, it is not enough that these consciences should be such; this is requisite besides, if sincerity is to become natural and essential—that the consciences shall be almost equal, of the same extent, the same quality, and that the love that unites them shall be deep laid. And thus it is that lives of so many men glide away who never meet the soul with which they could have been sincere.

But it is impossible to be sincere with others before learning to be sincere toward one's self. Sincerity is only the consciousness

and analysis of the motives of all life's actions. It is the expression of this consciousness that one is able later to lay before the eyes of the being with whom he is seeking the happiness of sincerity.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

Religious News.

Thomas H. Morton, the United States Consul at Harput, Asiatic Turkey, writing to the Department of Commerce and Labor on 'The Outlook for American Trade in Harput,' closes with a signal tribute to the missionaries:

'I have had occasion to revert to the work of the American missionaries and teachers settled in the district. In a thousand ways they are raising the standards of morality, of intelligence, of education, of material well-being, and of industrial enterprise. Directly or indirectly, every phase of their work is rapidly paving the way for American commerce. Special stress should be laid upon the remarkable work of the physicians who are attached to the various stations. The number of these stations is steadily growing; they now dot the map of Asia Minor at Cesarea, Marsovan, Sivas, Adana, Aintab, Mardin, Harput, Bitlis and Van. At most of these points well-equipped hospitals are in active operation. The influence of the American practitioners stationed at the above points is almost incalculable.'

A missionary's letter from Livingstonia, in east Central Africa, tells of the remarkable action of some school children during a drought. It is a fact not well known that heathens frequently appeal to Christian neighbors in a time of plague, famine, or other public calamity, to cry to their God for its removal (Jonah i., 6):

Worship and prayers were offered by the heathen to the spirits, but there was no answer to their entreaty. Some of the scholars were asked to pray to God, and the answer to their prayer was rain that same night. The heathen were greatly impressed, and there were many thanksgivings to God. The rain was copious, and they got in their seed. Then in a few days the green blade appeared, and the promise of abundance of food. Just then, however, a great swarm of locusts came down, and with the locusts an outcry of despair. Again they prayed to God, saying something to the effect that 'We prayed for rain, and you heard us, God. We were glad and thankful, and planted our seed. But now when the leaf has appeared above ground, you have locusts which must destroy our crop. Help us, God!' They had not stopped praying when 'wu-u-,' a strong wind came tearing through the plain, taking the locusts with it and leaving not one behind. Their crops were saved.—The 'Bombay Guardian.'

Work in Labrador.

DOINGS IN DR. GRENFELL'S PARISH.

Full of interest as have been the weekly letters which Dr. Grenfell has himself sent from the scenes of his mission, there remains room for a still further interest on occasion in the report of an outsider. It is hardly just, however, to call the Rev. J. T. Richards, a Church of England clergyman at St. Anthony, an outsider, a newcomer would be a more appropriate term, for he has entered heart and soul into co-operation with Dr. Grenfell, but it is his report as one comparatively new to the work that was written this summer from St. Anthony to 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.' The story of last winter's success, it may fairly be hoped, will be repeated this year:

Dear Mr. Editor,—The prophet of Labrador and northern Newfoundland, W. Grenfell, M.D., C.M.G., having invited us to the St. Anthony sports, to take place on March 12, the early part of that month saw us once more on the march thitherward. The most musical sound to the traveller in winter on this coast is the 'yappy yap, yap' of the dog team as they canter over the frozen snow, and on March 13, one day late, we dashed down the incline into the commodious harbor of St. Anthony.

As we drove across to the house of Mr. Boyd we saw the crowd assembled on the harbor in the vicinity of the hospital, and soon joined them. As we approached the scene of the sports the excitement of the onlookers aprised us of the fact that something very interesting was in process.

We had arrived just in time to see the closing tilts of the three last combatants in a bread bag fight. All the others had been put 'hors de combat' and soon the third last was put out of the fight by a very skilful manoeuvre on the part of Esau Hellier, who in turn was knocked out by John Pilgrim. The two last won the first and second prizes given by Dr. Grenfell. It was then proposed by some mischievous onlooker that the doctors should do bread bag battle with the parsons. It was useless to refuse, and into the bags we were soon hustled. The only qualification for taking part in this unique combat, is the pulling a bread bag up over the body and tying around the neck, thus rendering arms and legs useless. I soon found myself lying helpless on the snow, and was somewhat cheered on looking around to see several others in the same predicament—Dr. Grenfell, Dr. Little and the two Methodist parsons, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Brown. Only Father Tibeaux, from Conche, and Dr. Stewart now held the field, and after a stubborn fight Dr. Stewart succeeded in getting Father Tibeaux outside the line and was declared champion. Notwithstanding the bitter cold, the day passed merrily, and we felt thankful to Dr. Grenfell for this much-needed diversion. What struck one most forcibly was the great patience shown by Dr. Grenfell in amusing the boys. Whilst others were driven periodically into some abode to thaw and warm their almost frozen faces and extremities, he never once left his post until due attention had been paid to all who wished to take part in the sports, by which time the shadows of evening were fast falling, and we were all glad to avail ourselves of the doctor's hospitality, which was most willingly and bountifully bestowed.

The Deep Sea Mission staff at St. Anthony this winter is by far the ablest in its history on this coast, and the very urgent demand in which the mission is held is evidenced by the great number of patients from as far west as Port Saunders in the Straits of Belle Isle to Englee in White Bay.

Dr. Grenfell is assisted by two very skilful doctors this year, Dr. Stewart from Scotland, who in the winter of 1907 performed a very serious operation in removing a huge tumor from one of the finest and most useful women in the mission, and restoring her to her friends, who never expected to see her alive again, and Dr. Little, M.D., a very eminent and experienced Boston surgeon, who has knowledge which can only be obtained by attending the greatest operating theatres in the world.

The nurse at the hospital, Sister Kennedy, has endeared herself to the patients by her unceasing efforts to make them comfortable.

Miss Storr is doing an excellent work in caring for the little orphans at the Orphanage. It does not take long to note the improvement in those poor little ones who come to her for nursing.

The Industrial School, under Miss Lucer, is doing a most excellent work, and we look for a reformation in the lives of some of our young girls who have placed themselves under her tuition. It has already begun, and we contemplate with great pleasure the development of these girls into young women fitted for the duties that may fall upon them as wives and mothers capable, as they could not hope to be under their former condition of life, of bringing up sons and daughters that will be a credit to our coast, and who will in turn have bequeathed to them the power to hand on a heritage of decent citizenship to their progeny.

Dr. Grenfell kindly gave us a teacher for the winter in the person of an American lady, Miss Ruth Keese. Not only has Miss Keese proved herself capable of unlocking the knowledge boxes of her pupils; but she has proved beyond doubt that it is quite possible to be happy and to help make others happy even on the (once) French shore.

Mr. Lindsay, an Irish gentleman of genial disposition, has been camping out most of the winter studying the habits of the newly imported reindeer. Only this evening I saw a large company of deer on the hill overlooking the harbor of St. Anthony. They looked splendid.

Mr. Lee, an American youth who enters Harvard University in September, has been 'Jack of all trades.' He seems to have enjoyed his winter at St. Anthony, and judging from his appearance, will enter the famous seat of learning none the worse for his sojourn here.

It is cheering to note that our leading citizens and doctors at St. John's realizing that we are dying faster than we ought, have followed the example of our 'physician of the North' and are taking steps to teach our countrymen the rudiments of sanitation.

Thank God for the great work of Dr. Grenfell on this coast and on Labrador. For years we have had drilled into us by lectures, circulars and placards, the simple laws which, being observed, must certainly raise the standard of our health. The results are already, I believe, being felt. Windows are being flung open, or ought to be, by every home from White Bay to Port Saunders, and the pure breezes of heaven are invading consumptive nooks and corners and driving those demons of death to destruction; supplying in their place the pure health-giving atmosphere that God intends to inflate the lungs of man and carry a full supply of oxygen to his blood.

We are told that the death rate of our country is increasing, and that in spite of a climate which for salubrity is not surpassed in the world. It is time then, as Charles Kingsley says, we 'look to our drains.'

The days of a man's age are placed by God at three score and ten, and I believe that given a health heritage and perfect sanitation, barring acts of God, every man may live it. Thanking you for space, Mr. Editor, I remain,

Yours truly,

J. T. RICHARDS.

Acknowledgments

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Miss H. Barnes, Port Arthur, $3.00; Audrey, Reaboro, $2.00; Geo. Reedding, Hebron, N.S., $5.00; M. A. Mills, Rock Forest, Que., $1.00; One who wishes to help, Forestville, Ont., $2.00; M. Lawrence, Mandaumin, Ont., $3.50;
Total.. .. ..$ 16.50
Received for the cots:—R. R. Barclay, Campbellton, N.B.. .. ..$ 1.60
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Total on hand September 15.. ..$ 1,742.11

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

By recent arrangements, postage on individually addressed copies of the 'Northern Messenger' to the United States and its dependencies costs us considerably less than last year, so that instead of requiring 50 cents extra postage, we now ask only TEN CENTS on each copy. Clubs of ten or over to one address, enjoying the cut rate of 20 cents a copy, cost us the same as last year, and so require 15 cents extra per copy for the year's postage.

The rates for the United States will, therefore, be as follows:—

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Rates to United States
(Postage included)

	Per Annum
Single copies - -	50c.
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N.B.—As some of our old subscribers in the United States were obliged to drop the 'Messenger' owing to the high postage, we will be very glad if our readers will mention the above reduced rates as far as possible to their friends who may be interested.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1908.

God's Promise to David.

I. Chron. xvii., 1-14. Memory verses 13, 14. Read I. Chron. xvii.; II. Sam. vii., Psa. lxxxix.

Golden Text.

There hath not failed one word of all his good promise. I. Kings viii., 56.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 5.—I. Chr. xvii., 1-14.
Tuesday, October 6.—I. Chr. xvii., 15-27.
Wednesday, October 7.—II. Sam. vii., 1-17.
Thursday, October 8.—II. Sam. vii., 18-29.
Friday, October 9.—Ps. lxxxix., 1-18.
Saturday, October 10.—Ps. lxxxix., 19-37.
Sunday, October 11.—Ps. lxxxix., 38-52.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do you know what is the name of the capital of Canada? Why do we call Ottawa the capital, and what would you see there if you went? That city is where the people meet together from all over Canada to talk about our country's affairs and to make our laws. The very first thing anybody would want to show you about the city if you went there would be the Parliament Buildings, great splendid looking buildings they are, too, in big grounds of their own. They were built strong and splendid because they represent the country, and here our representatives meet to work for the country's good. Does every country have a capital? Certainly, every country that has a civilized government has. These capitals are always made beautiful cities as much as possible, so that they may fittingly stand for the country. We have been studying about David lately, who was made king of Israel. Did the country he lived in have a capital? Of course it did, and the name of David's capital was Jerusalem. It was a beautiful city, and last Sunday we learned how David and all the people brought the ark to Jerusalem, how they rejoiced and how David made a great feast and gave everybody something to eat. In to-day's lesson we learn that David had built himself a beautiful palace in Jerusalem, and supposing you had been going through Jerusalem at that time and had asked a little boy what that great big palace was for, he would have been very proud to tell you, 'Why, that's where our king, David, lives.' But supposing you had gone along a little way further you would have seen a strange kind of a tent covered with skins and purple hangings, and what do you think the little boy would have told you that was? He would have been much more surprised to have you ask about that, because for hundreds of years there had been just such a tent known to all the Israelites, for that was the Tabernacle, the place where God's Ark was, the place where the priests sacrificed and held services, the place where every Jew had to come to sacrifice to God. David used to go there often, for he loved and served God, and as he came out of his great beautiful palace to go into this tent or Tabernacle, he began to think that surely it was wrong for him to have a strong, lovely house, while God's house was only a tent. So one day he told his friend, the prophet Nathan, that he planned to build a really beautiful house to be the Temple of God.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The prompt approval that Nathan gave to David's suggestion was the natural thing. He and David being contemporaries had very probably sat under Samuel's teaching together. At any rate Nathan would have come from one of the schools founded by Samuel and would readily appreciate David's intentions. He had quite a hard part to play in David's life, but he did not shrink from any message God gave him, and when on this occasion he came back next day to rescind his authority and deliver the message of prohibition, we may be sure he did it with the greatest tact and gentleness. The spirit of thankfulness shown by David (verses 16-27), rather than any expression of hurt and resentment, is evidence how successfully Nathan urged God's love and mercy rather than the prohibition that was necessary. This view of God as anxious to bestow his blessing rather than limiting our plans and intentions is the truer. If we think of what God has bidden us do and enjoy rather than of what he has bidden us leave, the world wears a very different look. Even some of those plans we have made, as we thought, for God's glory, have been turned to bitterness by his prohibition because we could not rise to David's attitude and trust that God's way was best. We do not need a prophet to bring us the message of hope so long as we can believe in Rom. viii., 28. David does not seem at this time to have asked the reasons for the disturbance of his plan, leaving them simply with God, but later he learnt and accepted them (I. Chron. xxii., 7, 8; I. Kings v., 3). In spite of another's having the glory David did not neglect what he could do (I. Chron. xxii., 1-5).

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Unfulfilled Desire and Unsuccessful Effort. How many of these there are even in honest and earnest lives! Yet the desire and the effort count. That is the lesson for us. The Lord accepts and honors them, that is a comfort. Spiritual and mental scheming, planning, dreaming, or castle-building are not the things which God accepts. Plans and schemes count for little. It was not what was in David's mind, but only what was in his heart, which God accepted and commended. We are so often prevented from doing what we had set our hearts upon doing that it is a blessed comfort to know that our Father considers our hearts more than our hands. We cannot all of us bear the pleasure and the pride of success. Defeats are less dangerous and are sometimes better, holier, and higher than successes. As Lowell says, 'Not failure, but low aim, is crime.' We are hampered and hindered and prevented as to what our hearts impel us to do. We do so little compared to what we mean to do. In reading the life of M. Angelo, the one thing which impressed me most was the largeness of his desires and plans compared with his actual accomplishments. There were so many things in his great heart which never got into buildings, marbles, or frescoes. It has been so with all great lives. Browning says, 'What hand and brain were ever paired?' and we might say, What heart and hand were ever paired? Let us take comfort in the thought that God knows our hearts and counts our desires as more and better than our deeds.—Thomas S. Hastings, 'Union Seminary Addresses.'

How much greater, farther reaching, more wonderful were the blessings granted than the blessings asked for! 'God refuses his immediate request only to grant to him far above all that he was able to ask or think,' says Dr. Blaikie. 'And how often does God do so! How often, when His people are worrying and perplexing themselves about their prayers not being answered, is God answering them in a far richer way! Glimpses of this we see occasionally, but the full revelation of it remains for the future. Oh for the faith that does not make haste, but waits patiently for the Lord—waits for the explanation that shall come in the end, at the revelation of Jesus Christ!'

There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving: half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.—Henry Drummond.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Verse 1. How does this apply to us in our day? A church or a Sunday School can be very successful in a barn, or cave, or log hut, if that is the best place they can have; but not if men put every convenience in their homes and use them in their business, and then leave their church work to be done amid the greatest disadvantages. Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander conquered the world with arrows and spears. But any civilized nation that should undertake to go to war in that way now would be a nation of idiots. Those conquerors used the best they had. The wise man to-day uses the best he can find.

It was 'a moral anomaly, if not a species of dishonesty, that he should look so well after his own personal comfort and regal dignity, while yet the house of God was but a tent. In proportion as we increase our expenditure upon ourselves for the comforts and the elegancies of life, we ought to increase our offerings to God for the carrying on of works of faith and labors of love among our fellowmen.'

God does not blame David for his cedar palace. He does not wish us to go back to the cold, bare, comfortless houses of a century ago. He rejoices in our comfort, but he does want us to give proportionately more for others, and for the progress of the gospel. Every new thing for ourselves is a new call to do more for him.—Condensed from W. M. Taylor.

Quote Ruskin's powerful words. Ruskin rightly argues that in a true Christian community, the public buildings for the use of all should be the noblest, the most expensive, most commanding in the town or city. This idea is growing in our modern towns. The capitols, the courthouses, the churches, the schoolhouses, the libraries, the hospitals, are the noblest. Still his words are needed to-day. 'The question is not between God's house and his poor. It is between God's house and ours. . . . I do not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple. . . . I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation . . . . but I say this emphatically, that a tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England, such a church as would be a joy and a blessing even to pass near.'—'Seven Lamps of Architecture,' 'Lamp of Sacrifice.'

Verse 2.—God approves of our desire for the conversion of men, for the unity of the church, for the reformation of the land from certain evils, but that does not necessarily carry with it his approval of every method and saying of revivalists and reformers.

Verse 14. Soon after Christ's death, authority and almost existence as a separate nation was taken away from the Jews, at the destruction of Jerusalem. But before this time Christ set up his kingdom, which was David's kingdom, in another form, for David's kingdom was in his time the visible kingdom of God in the world. And thus David's kingdom, through his descendant and heir, still continues, and will abide forever, bringing all nations and peoples under its sway, and more than realizing all the visions of glory which filled the Jewish heart.

Bible References.

Haggai i., 4; Prov. iii., 9; I. Chron. xxix., 16; Isa. ix., 7; Luke i., 32, 33.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, October 11.—Topic—Commending our Society. III. By diligent committee work. Rom. xii., 1-11.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, October 5.—We must be as children. Matt. xviii., 1-3.

Tuesday, October 6.—Humble as children. Matt. xviii., 4.

Wednesday, October 7.—Receiving them in His name. Matt. xviii., 5.

Thursday, October 8.—Despise not the little ones. Matt. xviii., 10.

Friday, October 9.—God cares for children. Matt. xviii., 14.

Saturday, October 10.—How to enter the kingdom. Luke xviii., 17.

Sunday, October 11.—Topic—How Jesus welcomes children. Mark x., 13-16.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Irma Lilian Wood, E., Man.; Herbert Prouty, H., Ont., and Tessie Mullarkey, C., Ont., are the new members of the League this week.

Has anyone a good story of a kind act to tell? Perhaps if the editor starts the ball rolling there will be others to follow, for surely with so many of us on the lookout for kindness we should have a pretty good stock of such little stories to tell. Kind deeds don't have to be great to qualify as worthy of remembrance; the Editor's little story would be shut out if they did.

Not 'once upon a time,' but just the other day a young woman was standing at one side of one of the great freight yards that the railways have around Montreal. She had a heavy baby in her arms, as well as a great bundle, and holding on to her dress was a small child of three or four. The shunting engine that was puffing about frightened the little girl and she began crying to be carried across. There was really no danger from the engine, as the tracks were quite clear before them, but there was the possibility of a good many tumbles for the little feet over those numerous tracks and rough ground. A young girl was crossing at much the same place. She was dressed in a fresh white linen suit, but stopped and lifted the child, saying, 'I will carry her across.'

Oh don't, Miss,' protested the mother, 'She'll dirty your dress with her shoes and she can just as well hang on to my dress.'

Sure enough the dirty marks were there right in the front of the clean dress when they reached the other side, but the little one had crossed the tracks in safety. Dust or mud will soon wash out, but it will take quite a long while to wash the grateful feeling out of the young mother's memory. At least, it seemed so from the look on her face, and the young girl only smiled at the marks on her dress.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm beside the lake shore, and the railroad runs through our place. I have three sisters and six brothers. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School, and like it very much. I think the Royal League of Kindness is a splendid idea, and I am going to be a member. I was at the exhibition this month. I think I will close with a puzzle: Why is sealing wax like a soldier?

CHARLES WOODROFFE.

[If you want to join the League, Charles, write out the pledge and sign it and send us a copy when you write next.—Ed.]

D., N.B.

Dear Editor,—My home is three miles from the Petitcodiac. My grandfather is ferryman on the river. He lives in Hopewell Cape. I was over there for three weeks, and while I was there I learned to skull and row. I am in grade six.

S. MERRITT STEEVES (age 11).

A. I., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm on an island. We keep boarders in the summer. I have three sisters and three brothers. I take the 'Messenger' every week. I like it very much. I think the Royal League of Kindness is a splendid idea, and I am going to be a member. We have a number of horses, and I do a lot of driving.

DALTON WHITE.

[Send in your signed pledge, Dalton, and that will make you a member. We shall be glad to have you join.—Ed.]

St. Omer, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I saw that there were not many letters in the Correspondence page last week, so I thought I would write one. We are catching herring now, the biggest catch was seven hundred. We have had a fine summer. We can see the new wharf from our house, and there is a little steamer that calls here twice a week. I think my letter is getting too long, so I will close with 'success to the "Messenger"!'

FRED L. B.

[The answer you send in has since been printed, Fred.—Ed.]

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Messenger' before, so I will write again. I take it and like it very much. I have four brothers and three sisters. Three brothers are older then myself, and my sisters are younger. One of my brothers cut his foot, but it is getting better now.

HERBERT PROUTY.

L. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger,' although we have been taking it for some time. I have a dog named Dick. In the summer we children go bathing in the salt water, and it is great fun. It is very pretty here in the summer. I have a lot of books. WILLIAM T. JONES.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' but when I saw of your Royal League of Kindness, I felt prompted to write. I, too, think it is a grand motive and join in heartily congratulating the proposer. TESSIE MULLARKEY.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Slate.' Addaline Lucilla Sheffield (age 10), C., Ont.
2. 'Three Apples on a Plate.' Jeanette Ferguson (age 8), A., Ont.
3. 'Sheep.' F. Ralph Burford (age 9), H., Ont.
4. 'A Butterfly.' Basil Colpitts, F. G., N.B.
5. 'Wishbone.' Estella M. Utman, M., Ont.
6. 'Water Pitcher.' Murray Martin (age 8), H., Ont.
7. 'A Cat.' Jane Buchanan (age 10), N., Ont.
8. 'Flowers.' Ethel Fitzgerald (age 7), M., Sask.
9. 'I came from the Pond.' D. F. Dewar (age 12), G., Ont.
10. 'Engine.' Archie McQueen, K., B.C.
11. 'Apache.' James Hutchison, P. A., Sask.
12. 'Our Cat.' Harold Fitzgerald (age 10), M., Sask.

Scatter Joy.

There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—Emerson.

And if in thy life on earth,
In the chamber or by the hearth,
'Mid the crowded city's tide,
Or high on the lone hill side;
Thou canst cause a thought of peace
Or an aching thought to cease,
Or a gleam of joy to burst
On a soul in sadness nurst;
Spare not thy hand, my child:
Though the gladdened should never know
The well-spring amid the wild,
Whence the waters of blessing flow.

—G. Macdonald.

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'

After Kipling

(But some distance behind.)

'What's that great pile upon your arm?' the early newsboys cried;
'"Canadian Pictorials,"' the clever lad replied.
'What d'ye think you'll do with 'em?' the early newsboys cried,
'Sell 'em before the school bell rings,' the clever lad replied.
'"Canadian Pictorial"! Its cover's clear of tint;
It's very best of paper, and it's very best of print.
See the pictures of the Horse Show, and the dainty beauties in't.
"Canadian Pictorial" this morning?'

'What made you bring so big a lot?' the early newsboys cried;
'Because I want the cash they'll bring,' the clever lad replied.
'What makes you think you'll sell 'em all?' the early newsboys cried;
'These papers almost sell themselves,' the clever lad replied;
'"Canadian Pictorial"! It's just as good 's its name;
There's a portrait in each copy that's worthy of a frame.
Got a back number? 'Fraid not, sir—sold out the day they came.
"Canadian Pictorial" this morning?'

'How do they get those pictures up?' the early newsboys cried;
'Men take 'em, ev'rywhere, all the time,' the clever lad replied.
'Why bring this paper all their best?' the early newsboys cried;
'The bees bring honey to the hive,' the clever lad replied.
'"Canadian Pictorial"! Its views are never old;
And, say! its funny stories are the funniest ever told;
And its verses—me, oh, my! there's the last one sold!
No! I've no more "Pictorials" this morning!'

By S. E. Srigley, Sault Ste. Marie West, Ont.

Boy readers of this page—or girls, either, if they want to—may earn one of our splendid premiums, or may add a goodly sum monthly to their bank account by selling the popular 'Pictorial.' We trust you with a package to start on, and send premium list and letter of instructions as to how to set to work. Orders promptly attended to. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Odd Minutes.

(William Rittenhouse, in the 'Union Gospel News.')

Fifteen—seven—eleven—four—
Not an hour but brought some more;
How they flew round Tommy's head
From the time he left his bed
Till he went to sleep at night,
Every one a dancing sprite,
Whispering: 'Catch me, if you can,
You'll be glad when you're a man!'

Tommy listened—then he took
Here a tool and there a book,
Caught the minutes as they flew,
Held them fast, and used them, too,
So he gained, in every day,
Ample time for work and play;
And his playmates, wondering, said:
'My! How Tommy gets ahead!'

Year by year went by, and still
Tommy used odd minutes, till
Other lads were left behind,
For the world began to find
Room for him, within its van
As a most successful man,
And the minutes swelled with pride;
'There, we told you so!' they cried.

Put Conscience Into It.

The house in which I was brought up was built nearly ninety years ago, and its stone walls are as firm to-day as they were when completed. The builder came one day and discovered that the mason had placed some stones on edge instead of laying them flat in the wall, and he made the workman tear down that portion and rebuild it. Of the mason, under whom Hugh Miller served his apprenticeship, he says, 'He put his conscience into every stone that he laid.' That is the kind of religion and workmanship that stands.—Selected.

The Divided Fish.

(Ernin, in the 'Christian.')

The Rev. Egerton R. Young—who is a missionary among the Red Indians of North America, and has written a number of beautiful books about his work—tells this story:

'I was going up in my canoe one summer from a distant outpost. My Indians were hurrying along as fast as we could drive our canoe through the waters, for the season was getting late, and there was ice on some of the rivers and lakes. It would have been a risky thing for us to have been caught hundreds of miles from home, and the waters frozen up. We were pushing down a large river that opened up into a beautiful lake, and as we looked out into the lake we saw the white caps on the waves.

'One Indian said: "It is risky, missionary, but the canoe is good. After crossing this lake, fourteen miles in diameter, we will strike another river, that is calm." I said we would try it.

'As we were pushing out into the lake, we heard a yell, and saw a number of Indians hurrying down the hills toward us. As they came within calling distance I shouted to them: "Who are you?" They said: "Is it you, missionary?" I said: "Yes, and we are anxious to get on. What do you want?" They said: "Missionary, we are hungry." That is the normal condition of pagan Indians.

'I said: "Five stalwart men like you, with plenty of game around, ought not to be hungry; what is the matter?" They said: "While we slept the rain came so gently we did not hear it; it ruined our powder and we haven't been able to shoot anything."

'Anxious as we were to get across that lake we couldn't go past hungry people. I know what starvation is. I have been four days without a meal. My wife and I have had nothing but the hind leg of a wild cat for breakfast, and have pulled up roots to save ourselves from starvation. So I never pass a hungry man, whether in the wilderness or city. If I have a cent, he gets it.

'I said to one of my men: "How much meat have we in our bag?" He replied: "There is enough bear's meat in the bag for one meal for us all." So we went ashore, a fire was kindled, the meat was boiled, and we sat down to eat it, with a good cup of tea. We had no bread or buns. As soon as the meal was over, I gave some powder to the Indians, and sent them out to shoot something. However, they failed in getting anything, as the day was very short and night soon settled down.

'We had to stay there all night—the storm had so increased, that it would have been dangerous, or fatal, to have gone on across that stormy lake in a frail birch-bark canoe. So I gathered those Indians around me with my own faithful men, and I opened my Bible and talked to them about Jesus and His love. They shook their heads and said: "No, missionary, we were very much obliged to you for stopping and sharing with us your last meal, but we are not going to be Christians. We don't like the religion of the white man, because we don't like the white man. He has brought whisky among us, and measles, and smallpox; he has robbed and cheated us; and so

We don't want the white man's religion."

'I said: "While it is true that many have not treated you well, there are others of us who are trying to make amendment." "Well, you are very kind, but no, no, we do not want your religion," they insisted.

'We lay down in our blankets, and slept there. The rain came down in the night and drenched us. There was a little sleet in the air, too, and we were cold and shivery. The next day I sent men out with powder, but the ducks and geese were gone and the bears were denned up, so they caught nothing.

'One man found the shoulder-bone of a bear, and ingeniously carved out a fish-hook. He fastened a string to it, put on a sinker, and threw it out. Finally he caught a nice fish. We were delighted, of course. He tried again and again, but could get nothing more.

'The fish was scaled and cleaned, and we boiled it. When it was ready, the owner took it, cut off about one-third, and handed it to me. I looked at the other fellows, and I said: "No, that is not right." I put the piece back with the other two-thirds, and began to count—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Then I went to work, and carved that fish into eight pieces, handed each man an equal share, and took my own portion.

'One day in the following summer five great, stalwart Indians came tramping into the mission-house. They rushed at me, and rubbed me, and mauled me with their great big hands, that were fragrant with musk-rats and other things more pungent still. I asked: "What in the world makes you so happy?" They replied: "Don't you remember the fish?" I said: "My wife and I lived on fish twenty-one times a week for six months." They said: "Oh, but the big fish!"

'They spoke of the time when we divided that fish into eight, and I said: "Oh, you are those fellows, are you?" for I hadn't recognized them. They said: "We never forgot that sermon of the fish. We offered you one-third, and you would not take it; you divided it among the eight, and you took your little bit, and gave us an equal share. After your men had gone out we watched you. We saw the danger, as we sat under the shadow of the cliffs. We saw your men in the glimmering light, and we were there just ready to rush to your help, for we feared that the canoe would slip out of that man's hands and turn over, and you would have been ground to pieces on the rocks—but we saw you disappear in the distance. We came back and rolled logs on the fire, and we sat there all night and talked it over; and we said: 'We must listen to that man. He has talked to us about the Great Spirit and His Son Jesus. We must take Him as our Saviour.'

There, you see how poor Indians, who had been treated badly by some white men, were brought to love the Lord Jesus, not only by what the missionary read and said, but by seeing that he acted as the Lord has told us to do.

Their Eyes.

(Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in 'Epworth Herald.')

Two young women were walking through the later summer woods, making their way through the underbrush and pushing aside entangling vines.

The girl who was an art student touched caressingly an almost leafless branch. 'Just at a glance one doesn't see much purple in that stem,' she remarked.

'Purple? In that stem? Why, no, I don't see a tinge of it; do you?'

The other nodded. 'Yes, I do. It's quite plain to me, but I don't believe I could see it if I hadn't learned how at the Art League. When I first went there, I used to wonder what the girls could mean when they spoke of the purple and the blue in objects we were drawing and in the shadows. I couldn't see a suggestion of any such color at first. The shadows were the most baffling of all. But it was curious in what a little time I began to detect the same tints. Now I think I enjoy looking at things in a way I never did before; it's like putting on new glasses.'

The other girl walked on rather thoughtfully. 'We could make a sermon out of that, couldn't we,' she suggested, 'if we were philosophically inclined?' All about are lovely things we fail to see because we haven't trained our eyes—the good, uncommon traits in the people we call common; the bright spots that creep into the days we sum up as dull and unpleasant.' She stopped with a little laugh and flush. 'It sounds as if there ought to be a thirdly and fourthly, doesn't it? But I'm preaching to myself.'

The young art student's face was thoughtful too. 'You needn't apply it all to yourself,' she said. 'Leave a little fraction of it for me. I need it too.'

When You Do a Thing Do It.

The other day I read an account in the newspaper of an old negro lady, an ex-slave, who has learned to read at eighty years of age. Her name is Mrs. Evans, and her education has been sadly neglected. At eighty, having done her life work, she decided to go to school, and although she has only been there five months she has got so that she can read most of the Bible, save for a few words she cannot pronounce. When she was asked how she learned to read so well and in such a short time, she explained it by saying:

'When I do a thing, I do it. I ain't looking here and dere, and everwhichaway. I'se looking right where de book is.'

That struck me as a good motto for those who are beginning to learn at the other end of the scale of life. The aged negress over in America has found the secret of success, and it is a secret that boys and girls need to learn as well. The secret is to look 'right where de book is.' If a lad at school is interested in everything that goes on round about him except that bit of work which is his own, and which is straight before him, he will turn out to be a bad scholar. 'Looking here and dere and everwhichaway' explains many of the failures of the world.

The same thing is true in the larger les-

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sons of life. There are so many people who scatter their energies, and mind other people's businesses, and look everywhere except where 'de book is.' As a rule, the people who mind other people's affairs never mind their own, and, after all, it is our own tasks that we are responsible for.

The Apostle Paul taught just the same lesson as the negress when he said, 'One thing I do.' The success in life comes to those who do one thing, and do it well. 'All things come to him who waits,' says the old proverb. I would rather read it, 'All things come to him who sticks'—that is, if he sticks long enough. There is no royal road to getting a thing done, but the common road of doing it.

'When I do a thing, I do it. I ain't looking here and dere and everwhichaway. I'se looking right where de book is.'—'Christian Age.'

Her Defender.

A heart may beat true under the raggedest coat. That instinct of chivalry which rushes to the defense of the weak and the oppressed dwells in every manly boy, be he rich or poor, big or little.

He wasn't very big, but he was a sturdy little chap, with a face that bore the marks of much thinking and premature responsibility. He was calling his evening papers good and loud on the corner of two streets.

A ragged young girl was selling flowers near by, when a man, rushing to catch his car, knocked her against the side of the building. Without stopping, probably without noticing what he had done, he continued his rush, when the boy stepped in front of him defiantly: 'Say, what do you want to knock a girl down for? Hit me; I'm big enough.'

The man paused in surprise, and then glanced around. He saw the flower-girl picking up her wares, and understood. Without a moment's hesitation he went back to her, gave her enough money to make her eyes sparkle with joy, and said:

'I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you. I didn't see.' Then turning to the boy, he continued: 'You said you were big enough, young man, but you're a great deal bigger than you think. Men like you will have a lot to do with keeping this world in a condition of self-respect.'

Then he caught his car, and the boy and girl stood there wondering what he meant. —'S. S. Messenger.'

Bread Cast Upon the Waters.

The railway train was creeping slowly through valley after valley of sunny Sicily—stiflingly sunny this hot midsummer afternoon. In the distance towered mysterious Etna, the circle of snowy clouds crowning its highest peak, shining in peculiar contrast to the heated atmosphere of the plains and valleys. Within the cars, passengers sought the shady side of the train, while here and there audible grumblings were heard at the clouds of dust and cinders that blew in through the open windows.

Presently the train halted at a village, and, after pausing for a moment to let passengers on and off, drew on to the edge of the town and stopped at a water-tank to renew the supply of water for the locomotive. Here the railway track approached quite close to the adjacent mountain, which rose, in one terrace after another, almost to cloudland.

Just opposite the car window, on the mountain slope, was a neat little cottage, with a brilliant flower-garden surrounding it. The fresh, bright flowers at once caught the attention of the passengers who had been travelling these hours through heat and dust, and they crowded to the car windows to gain a momentary glimpse of the refreshing scene.

Sitting on the low stone wall that separated the garden from the railroad grounds, was a young girl, her brilliant dress vieing in brightness with the flowers about her, her dark eyes looking with wonder upon the train and the scores of men and women who had come out of, and were going back again into that great, mysterious world where the railroad began and ended. She heard the many words uttered by the strangers, and, though most of these words belonged to a language she could not understand, she knew they expressed admiration for her flowers—the flowers she loved so dearly and which she parted with so reluctantly to the few in the village who could be induced to become purchasers.

As the curious eyes of the girl glanced from window to window they rested at length upon the pale, worn face of a lady whose weary air and attitude, as she half-reclined upon the cushioned seat, marked her as an invalid. The eyes of the strange lady met those of the girl, and involuntarily each smiled upon the other. The girl hesitated just a moment, and then, springing to the ground, she hastily gathered a large bunch of roses from a rosebush near at hand, climbed upon the wall again, and, just as the train started upon its way, threw the flowers into the lady's lap. A flush of pleasure came upon the pale face, the thin lips spoke words of gratitude that the girl could not hear, yet which she knew were uttered, and the next instant the train had disappeared around a bend in the valley, and the dark-eyed, dark-haired Sicilian girl stood alone among her flowers.

An hour later the lady was with her friends in the city of Palermo.

'Take my flowers, Bettina,' she said to the maid, as she lay back in the easy-chair and gave a sigh of relief at the thought that the tiresome journey was over. And then, when the maid had carefully arranged the roses in a vase, the lady added, 'Place them in the window where they can be seen. They have been such a delight to me that I should like to share the pleasure with others.'

And the kind thought was not lost. The window of the little sitting-room looked out on a narrow street upon which were a series of small, dark dwellings, the homes, many of them, of fishermen and porters and their families. The radiant roses were not long in the window before they caught the eyes of the dwellers in these cottages, and soon sad-eyed women were looking up at them with pleased expression, and little children were calling out words of childish admiration in their strange, mixed dialect. Passers-by, too, smiled as they saw the flowers, and the pale-faced lady in the easy-chair smiled back at them and at the children across the street as she saw the pleasure given by the gift of the unknown Sicilian girl.

The following morning a shop-keeper of the neighborhood called and was ushered into the presence of the lady.

'The signora will pardon my intrusion,' he began, with the formal politeness characteristic of the Italian, 'but I saw the beautiful flowers in signora's window, and have called to ask about them. Their color is so rich. It is hard to grow flowers here with that velvety appearance. These must have come from favorable soil. May I ask the signora where she procured them? I am in the trade.'

And then the lady told him the story of the flower garden and the kindness of its young mistress.

A few days later, Maddalena—such was the name of the dark-eyed girl of the roses—was surprised when a strange gentleman came into her garden and began to talk very earnestly of the flowers. He asked about the varieties she grew, how she disposed of them, and whether she could increase the quantity now produced. At length he made known the fact that he was a shop-keeper of Palermo. His store included a floral department, and he now wanted to make arrangements to purchase Maddalena's flowers for his city trade. And so it was finally agreed that the young girl should send daily by the railway train such flowers as she could gather from the garden and should receive pay for the same as they were sold by the merchant.

The trade prospered until Maddalena and her two brothers were kept constantly busy caring for the garden and the flowers. To-day a pleasant home has taken the place of the little cottage on the hillside, and the family occupies an honorable position in the village. But it was long after the first visit of the shopkeeper to her home that Maddalena learned that all this came from the generous, loving act which her kindness of heart led her to do for the happiness of one whom she had never expected to see or to hear of again.—Clem V. Wagner, in 'Epworth Herald.'

Wasted Lives.

Men think it is an awful sight,
To see a soul just set adrift,
On that drear voyage from whose night
The ominous shadows never lift;
But 'tis more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once: I flung away
Those keys that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious youth, that once was mine!
O high ideal! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,
The image of the God is gone.

—J. R. Lowell.

A Good Friend.

'If only I didn't have to work!' How many a girl has whispered this when stooping over the kitchen stove, or when weary from hours of piano practice or from a long day behind the counter. How easy it is, then, to envy the rich, who, according to the popular theory, have 'nothing to do but enjoy themselves.'

Yet this is one of the pitiful mistakes by means of which we rob ourselves of much that is sweet in life. No one has anything to say in defense of drudgery. But work itself is one of humanity's best friends. Hard work, which, tiring the body, makes sleep sweet, which fills the brain to the exclusion of worry and anxiety, which makes our hours of leisure delightful by contrast, is no foe to our happiness.

Doubtless some of us have wondered that those who have made a competence or a fortune do not lay aside business cares and devote themselves to enjoyment. Perhaps an explanation is found in the testimony of one of the most wealthy men in the world, who was asked if riches produced content. 'Believe me,' he answered, 'the truest source of happiness is work.'

Then, girls, instead of repining over the fact that you belong to this workaday world, why not enjoy the sunshine as you go along? Real happiness may be found over a mending-basket or a dishpan. There is joy in hearty effort, joy in overcoming. Surely the Father who has planned so carefully for our welfare, in decreeing that we shall work, knew that to be best for our lasting good and our present happiness.—'S. S. Messenger.'

His Decision.

Twenty-five years ago a young man was sent as a special clerk from Milford, Massachusetts, to Chicago. He was placed in a responsible position, and soon made the acquaintance of many other young men to whom Chicago was a commercial Mecca.

The new clerk was a pleasant fellow, and had a taste for social life; but situated as he was, the social life had to be such as he could make for himself, and that was, not unnaturally, the free and easy comradeship of other clerks. Almost without realizing it, he found himself gradually drifting into dissipation. It was a social drink here, a quiet game of cards there, and always a cigar in the mouth. Every moment that was not spent in business or in bed was given to things which at the time seemed to him innocent enough, but which were really undermining his manhood.

After he had been in Chicago a month or two, he met an old classmate of his from his home town. A few evenings later he found himself in his friend's room.

'Look here, old fellow,' said the friend, 'I want to have a straight talk with you.'

'Go ahead,' said the other, pleasantly.

'I will. Now, what have you got out here in Chicago? A clerkship with a chance. What does the chance depend upon? Education and friends. What is your educa-

Jack.

(Julia McNair Wright.)

'Yes, sir,' said Farmer Green, 'that fellow ought to be worth a thousand dollars to-day. He is smart, industrious—I never saw a better worker; he's handy at everything. If he had a thousand dollars he could take the Bower Farm, and if he handled it properly he'd be rich by the time he was fifty. But there, instead of a thousand dollars, he hasn't five dollars this minute. All he has to bless himself with are an old valise, some old clothes, and a jack-knife with a broken

blade. I paid him thirty-five dollars for a month's work ending up a week ago, and the fellow hasn't ten cents of it left.'

'Why, where has it gone to in this quiet country place?'

'Down his throat,' said Farmer Green.

'It is the cider,' said Farmer Brown; 'he is a hard cider drunkard, and I often think they are the worst kind. It is worse because when they begin they don't take the alarm as they might if they found themselves becoming fond of whisky. Then it takes more cider to make them drunk, and their systems get filled with it and so more injured; then, too, the cider is easier to get than whisky is. You see the farmers all make more or less cider and it stands in the cellar and a cask or so gets hard, and the boys and hired help get into the habit of drinking it, and it beats all nater how fond they get of it. Jack goes in for a reg'lar "blow out" as soon as he gets a few dollars.'

'Jack has drunk and got drunk ever since he was ten years old,' said Farmer Green. 'I lay it to his losing his father early; to his having an ill-tempered, irreligious mother; to his having been taken out of school before he was nine and put to work in a factory; to the farmers keeping hard cider handy for him; and to no one taking any real interest in him, except to get a certain amount of work out of him. So it goes—he's twenty-eight and he's ruined. Your son is twenty-eight and making a fortune; my son gets a thousand a year, bookkeeping; Mrs. Barr's son is twenty-eight and a minister; my nephew is twenty-eight and is a good doctor; Jack is twenty-eight—and ruined by cider. Poor Jack!'—'Picture Leaflet' no. 3-2. Published by Miss Ruby I. Gilbert, the Silversmiths Bldg.

tion? Nothing but a high-school training, and most of that forgotten. Who are your friends? Young men who flash other people's money. Now, what are you going to do? Run to seed and end worse than you began, or fit yourself for a useful future?

'If you wish to fit yourself, join an evening school, study part of the time out of working hours, and spend your Sundays as you ought to spend them. Purify your life, broaden your understanding, and you will make something of yourself. But if you prefer to stay as you are, take another drink, pass around the cigars, and be a "jolly good fellow" with the boys.'

The young clerk thought it over. His cigar went out and dropped from between his fingers. He saw two futures—one full of ease but ending in failure, the other fraught with hardship but leading to success. He knew the choice was his. 'I thank you, old fellow,' he said, at length. 'I needed it.'

At the end of the week the clerk was a member of an evening class, and had selected his church. He gave up drinking, smoking, cards, and clubs, and began to use the public library and to get back something of his old-time interest in books. He was surprised to see that he had dropped out of his rapid life as easily as he entered it. Nobody tried to drag him back, nobody seemed to miss him. In less than six months his opportunity came, and he seized it. Ten years later he was a rich man.

To-day he is loved and respected by all who know him. His benevolences have made the grass greener and the sky bluer to hundreds of poor souls; yet few even of those for whom he has done the most know him either by sight or by name, for he is as unostentatious as he is generous.

'Who would give a thought to me to-day if I had made the wrong decision?' he said, a little while ago. That is a question which every young man can well afford to ask himself. There is only one answer to it.—Selected.

A Grateful People.

The Chinese are a highly appreciative people, who show their appreciation by the lavish bestowal of gifts. An American merchant tells, in the New York 'Sun,' of his experiences with these generous givers. It is not only the wealthy merchant class he says, who send presents to their white-skinned friends. The most lowly Chinese send gifts to the American and European friends whom they cherish. The merchant cites a little incident in support of his statement.

Some nineteen years ago, at the house of a Chinese friend in Shanghai, a very sumptuous house, a bright Chinese lad was delegated to wait on me, and a top-notch valet he was. I took a genuine liking to him, and praised him often. He received my praises in smiling silence, but he never forget them.

On the Christmas following my return to America, among the many rich gifts which reached me from China was this boy's present—some tea, some joss-sticks, a jar of conserved ginger, a few little, inexpensive Chinese images.

Little boxes of this sort reached me every Christmas, although I did not see the boy again for ten years. Then the gifts began to grow richer, and I found that he had gone into business. Nine years ago I saw him in Shanghai, and he was prospering remarkably.

I've seen him every year since. He has fifty servants in his house—or I should say palace. He is a millionaire. He treats me as if I were a prince. The honors he heaps on me are overwhelming. I dare not protest; that would be the height of discourtesy. He never tells me why he does all these things for me. The Chinese are not outwardly emotional.

His Christmas gift for 1907 was a piece of the highest class of art in jade. It represents perhaps several years of work of a first-rate Chinese jade-carver.

Grateful, the Chinese? Why, once my wife befriended a Chinese dock coolie in Hongkong, who was being ill treated by a British soldier. Shortly afterward my wife was taken ill. Just one hour after she was taken to the hospital there came to her the most magnificent box of flowers I ever saw, sent to her by that dock laborer. The flowers represented, probably, all his own savings, besides a collection he had taken up among other dock coolies. How he knew my wife was taken to the hospital I never found out.

Oh, yes, the Chinese are grateful—grateful and kind, and fine, and big-hearted, if the world only knew it; but it doesn't.

A Sweet Voice.

'O father, I wish I could sing! It's so nice to give pleasure to people. Florence sang at the club to-day, and we all enjoyed it so much. She sings every night to her father too. I'd give anything if I could. But there's no use wishing; there isn't any music in me.'

'Is that so?' asked the father, taking her wistful face between his hands. 'Well, perhaps you can't sing; but don't tell me your voice has no music in it. To me it is full of music.'

'Why, father, how can you say so?'

'Almost every evening, answered the father, 'when I come home, the first thing I hear is a merry laugh, and it rests me, no matter how tired I am. Yesterday I heard that voice saying: "Don't cry, Buddie; sister'll mend it for you." Sometimes I hear it reading to grandmother. Last week I heard it telling Mary, "I'm sorry your head aches; I'll do the dishes to-night."

'That is the kind of music I like best. Don't tell me my little daughter hasn't a sweet voice!'—'Round Table.'

How She Knew Her.

'How did you come to know her?' asked a mother of her little girl, at she saw her bidding good-by to a poorly-dressed child at the church door.

'Why, you see, mamma, she came into our Sunday School all alone and I made a place for her on my seat and I smiled and she smiled and then we were acquainted.'—Selected.

Boys! Attention!

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LITTLE FOLKS

Dorothy's Surprise.

Little Dorothy had a fine hen, which papa had given her and told her that she might call her own. Dorothy was very proud of it, and called it 'Spot.'

One day, when Dorothy had had Spot about a year, papa came into the house and called, 'Dorothy, come with me, and I'll show you something you've never seen before.'

It did not take Dorothy long to put on her hat, and soon she was running after papa to see what he wanted to show her.

'There!' cried papa, as they came near the barn.

Dorothy looked. There were three dear little chicks, and near them was Spot, looking as proud as could be over her little brood.

'Aren't they funny!' exclaimed Dorothy. 'Why, I never saw such fluffy things before.'

'They are only three days old,' said papa. 'They are yours, because they are Spot's little chicks.'

'Oh! thank you, papa,' cried Dorothy. 'You are good. Can I feed them now?'

'Yes, as soon as you have got some corn out of the barn,' answered papa.

So off Dorothy ran for some wet corn meal, and soon the three little chickens were fed to their hearts' content.

—Selected.

A Novel Checker Board.

The prettiest kind of a story is told of Mr. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll), the author of 'Alice in Wonderland,' and a little girl friend in Oxford. She was made quite unhappy one Winter by having to wear a frock she did not like, a wool of a large checked pattern, in light blue and light drab.

One day, when she was going with her father to pay a visit to Mr. Dodgson, she was put into the hated dress, and, in spite of protests and tears, was forced to wear it. When she got to her friend's house, her tears were dried, but her eyes were still red; and it was not long before she had opened her full heart.

'But it seems a nice, warm dress, Alice,' Mr. Dodgson said.

'It is warm,' she admitted with overflowing eyes.

Then, seeing her grief, Mr. Dodgson drew her kindly to him, and told her a lovely story of the sheep and the fleece; the washing of the wool; the carding and the spinning; the shuttle, and the click, click, of the looms; the thickening of the cloth; and then how it was packed for the shops and sold.

'I shall like it better now, and I won't be silly any more,' she said bravely when the story was finished.

'And not only is it useful, it is very amusing—at least you might make it so.'

'How?' she cried. 'Tell me, please.'

'You shall see,' Mr. Dodgson said, laughing, as he brought out from a drawer a draught-board and men, also a square drawing-board, which he told her to put under the skirt of her dress. Then, Alice sitting on one little stool, he on another, they played a most novel game of draughts on the large blue and drab squares of her dress.

She forgot all her troubles and was quite merry; and often afterward Mr. Dodgson would say: 'Put on the blue and gray frock, Alice, when you come for a game of draughts.'—'The King's Own.'

Needles and Pins.

(By C. M. L., in the 'Child's Hour.')

Needles and pins, needles and pins!
When dollies are careless then trouble begins;
It's stitching and sewing, and darning away
Mending the holes that they tear every day.

Needles and pins, needles and pins!
It's worse if it happens the dollies are twins!
Then, try as you may, and mend as you will,
You never have finished, there's work for you still!

Needles and pins, needles and pins!
When dollies are careful the pleasure begins;
I think after all they are not very bad,
My dear little dolls—When I've done I'll be glad!

The Seal.

Once there was a little girl who often at home had fish to eat. Everyone who likes fish thinks that they would be perfect if they had no bones; for of course bones are dangerous, and if you get a really big one in your throat it will make you very uncomfortable, and perhaps may even choke you. This is another reason why children should mind when they eat, and not gobble up everything as fast as ever they can. It is to be hoped that this little girl did not gobble. But in any case she was so often cautioned about bones that in the end she grew quite careful; and whenever she was given fish she remembered how it ought to be eaten.

* * * * *

One day she was taken to the Zoological Gardens, and when she had seen the lions and had wondered whether one of the monkeys was not really rather like a certain boy she did not care for, she went on to the little pond in which the seals lived. To her great delight she reached there just at feeding-time, and a keeper was giving the great rolling, wallowing seals their dinner. For dinner the seals were having fish, and as fast as they were thrown to them they swallowed them down. The small girl watched delightedly, for she was good-natured, and so she was glad for the seals to have a good time. But suddenly she remembered about the bones in fish, and in an agonized voice she called out, 'Oh, seals, dear seals, please do mind the bones!'

* * * * *

Of course, everybody laughed at her, for other people do not always understand. But I like her very much for thinking about the seals and being kind enough to mention the risk she thought they ran. Some of the best boys and girls in the world, and some of those concerning whom Jesus Christ thinks most highly, are those who are considerate to animals. I expect that many of my little readers have been at the seaside and had a very jolly time. It would be no use your trying to swim out to the seals to tell them to mind the bones the next time they eat fish; but you can at least be considerate to animals. When you go donkey rides do not make the donkey gallop all the time; and never let a donkey carry more than two of you at once. Indeed, if you are big, a donkey ought not to be allowed to have on his back more than one of you at a time. Then if you go for a ride in a trap, or a char-a-banc, or a ponycart, if mother is willing, be sure and get out at the really steep hills. Horses are not always very strong, and it is kinder to spare them all we can. Then there is another thing I always like to mention. Where was pussy while you were away? I hope you or someone else made all arrangements for the cat to have as nice a holiday as yourself.

—'Christian World.'

The Tomtit's Breakfast.

By Margaret Markle, in 'Young Folks.'

A little girl visitor in a Kansas City home said to her mother on the third day of her stay:

'Mother, I want to hurry home before it snows. Grandma may forget the tomtits' breakfast.'

'We need not hurry home, Lucille,' Mrs. Martin said. 'We will write grandma, and ask her not to forget the tomtits. Perhaps Cousin Hannah and Mary will be interested to learn the way you feed your bird family when snow covers the ground. Gleaning the Winter food for the birds is a pleasant Autumn play for Lucille,' Mrs. Martin said to the little city cousins. 'Grandma Martin has taught Lucille to know the seed pods and heads the birds eat.

'She plucks plantain weeds up by the

roots; the tongue grass is a bird food. Sometimes I go gleaning with Lucille in the harvest fields. We cut wheat, rye, oats, buckwheat and millet heads to cure.

'In the late Autumn grandma and Lucille planted mammoth Russian sunflower seeds, covering the seed deep. The plants come up early in the Spring. The sunflower heads grow large and seedy.

'But English sparrows are fond of sunflower seeds. To save the tomtits' breakfast for the bitter cold days, when food supplies are scanty, we tie a cheesecloth cover about each selected head when green. Squares of old red lawn, or any thin, light goods, tied over a sunflower head, protects the seeds.

'The window sills on the south side, the rooms our family occupy in Winter, are all birds' dining-tables. Our Winter birds know just the best places, and are so friendly and entertaining we are well paid for the hospitality given.

'On extremely cold mornings we remove the cover from a sunflower head. The tomtits are saucy, nimble, hungry birds, and favorites of Lucille's, and often every member in our family watches the tomtits attack a sunflower head, their feet, head and tail all in motion.

'Lucille cures or dries the weed and grain heads, gleaned for bird food, in a sunny corner in the coal-house, and sometimes she bakes a cake, one part each of coarse cornmeal and wheat bran. The cake, crumbled fine on the window ledge, attracts birds that are usually shy.

'Our farmhouse is in rather a lonely place, yet we are never lonely. The skies may be dark, and rain or snow fall. Our little girl and her bird friends brighten even a dismal day.

'I will tell you a little secret. Lucille's aunt in New York sent as a birthday present a beautiful hat, trimmed with bird plumage.

'Rip the feathers off, mother. I cannot bear to wear them,' Lucille urged.

'The hat, after the feathers were removed, was plain. It pleased my little bird lover to wear it plain, and Aunt Fanny, when learning her favorite niece was so loyal to the birds, joined a bird-protecting society. My little girl is a true friend to the birds.'

A Morning Visitor.

(By Mary A. Wood, in Zion's 'Herald.')

A large trumpet-vine covered the trellis that stood near the door that opened into the dining-room at the Allen home. Every day and nearly all day long while the vine was in bloom, the humming-birds came and nearly buried themselves in the flowers.

One morning when the family was at breakfast something flew in at the open door and went circling about the room.

'It's a great moth,' said Mr. Allen.

'I hear it hum,' said Florence. 'O mother dear, can it be a humming-bird?'

It flew to the bay-window and beat its wings against the glass in a vain endeavor to get free. Mrs. Allen was able after a time to put her hand over it very gently. It struggled and quivered, but at last she held it in one hand, covering it with the other. When she dared look, it lay quite still on its side, with closed eyes, apparently dead.

'Do let me take it!' begged Florence.

'You can see it quite as well if I hold it,' said her mother. They all looked at the exquisite little creature. A dash of ruby color was at the throat; the feathers were a shimmery green and gold. It was like a beautiful little jewel.

Very softly Florence touched the tiny head with the tip of her finger. 'What made you die, you little fairy bird?' she asked.

For a long time it lay motionless on the kind hand; then Mrs. Allen went to the open door and held it out. For a moment it did not stir, then it darted away too swiftly for the eye to follow its flight.

A few days later the nest of a humming-bird was found on a small branch of an apple tree in the orchard. The nest was covered on the outside with bits of moss and lichens so like the color of the wood that only a keen eye could have discovered it. Three eggs the size and shape and color of small white beans were in the nest. After the little birds were gone the nest was secured by cutting off a piece of the branch around which the nest was built. The inside was soft as velvet with about as much room as is in a lady's thimble.

Florence considers it one of her most precious curiosities.

How Pennies Pile Up.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons.

'Boys,' he said, 'my workshop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping.'

'Only a cent?' said Dick. 'Who would work for a cent?'

'I will,' said Joe.

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take an old broom and sweep it.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe to town. While he went to buy some lumber, they went to a toy store.

'What fine kites!' said Dick. 'I wish that I could buy one.'

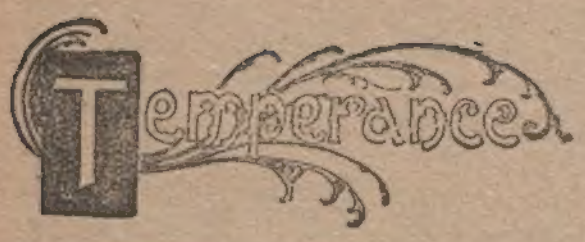
'Only ten cents,' said the man.

'I haven't a cent,' said Dick.

'I have fifty cents,' said Joe.

'How did you get fifty cents?' asked Dick.

'By sweeping the shop,' answered Joe.—'Herald.'



Be Ye Sober!

(Eliza Cook.)

'Be ye sober!' if ye covet
Healthy days and peaceful nights;
Strong drink warpeth those who love it
Into sad and fearful sights.

'Be ye sober!' cheeks grow haggard,
Eyes turn dim, and pulse tide blood
Runs too fast, or crumbleth laggard
When there's poison in the flood.

Shun the 'dram' that can but darken
When its vapor gleam has fled;
Reason says—and ye must hearken—
'Lessened drink brings double bread.'

Though your rulers may neglect ye,
'Be ye sober!' in your strength!
And they must and shall respect ye,
And the light shall dawn at length.

But let none cry out for freedom
With a loud and feverish breath
While they let a foul cup lead them
To the slavery of death.

—Selected.

'It Did Hurt!'

(By Rev. Charles Herbert, in the 'Alliance News and Temperance Reformer.')

'And you really mean it, doctor?' said Jim Banks, unbelievingly.

'Mean it! I should just think I do. I tell you that without a doubt, if you don't give up this drinking, you'll live perhaps a couple of years at the outside.'

'And if I do?'

'Then I should think it likely with good food and regular hours at night you may live many years.'

'I shall 'ave to give it up all together, then,' grumbled the unwilling man. 'I ain't one of them as can have a pint a day and no more like.'

'Well, why not?' sharply queried the doctor. 'You've been without it three weeks now, and you've got over it. So you'll be nothing less than a born fool if you start again.'

'All right!' exclaimed Jim, suddenly, 'I'll give it up, you see.' And the doctor, looking incredulous, left the room.

Jim Banks had been a hard drinker for many years. He was a master builder, taking his work by contract, but there was not a laborer in his employ that was on a lower level than he. It need not have been, either, for he was a man with a slab forehead, and restless eyes that told of the busy brain within. He had made his way by his superior gifts from a mere laborer himself, and married the daughter of a highly respectable man in the little town of Lockton. They might have been very happy, with their boy and girl, for the boy was quick and intelligent and won golden opinions at school, and the girl had been educated far beyond her station, and was the very apple of her father's eye. But when Jim staggered home at night in drink, the drink always set free an abusive and filthy tongue; and the children, especially his girlie, shrank out of his way. As usual, the habit produced the very opposite man to the real one, for a quieter, more naturally reserved, even gentle man than Jim when sober it would have been hard to find. The years had rolled on one by one, till fourteen had elapsed and left his wife grey and bitter-faced with the open shame of it all, for in Lockton everybody knew everyone else's business and discussed Mrs. Banks's burden, scornfully, concerning her husband, pityingly, concerning the wife.

She had set up a laundry on her own account sooner than be dependent on his erratic earnings, and out of what she made she, with her father's assistance, had done quite as well for the children as she might if her husband had been more help. But she could not save them from the disgrace She could send Elsie to a splendid school at Setham-on-Sea, the big town near at hand, but she could not stand between her and the pride-stabs the child received if her father met her in the town and drunk as he was, spoke to her when she was with some of her school companions. No mortal language existed that could picture her frenzy when Elsie came home and sobbed out the shame that she felt.

At length Providence had cried 'Check!' to her husband's career. It had nearly been a finish to the game. He had been very ill, and his life was despaired of; but his wife had nursed him, marvelling if at last they were going to be free from the shadow that had darkened the home for so long; yet all the time wishing that the man she used to care for might not go unrepentant to his grave. And now he had pulled through she had nothing to look forward to but the heart-fretting copy of the past.

'You can get down a bit to-morrow, the doctor says, Jim,' she announced, mechanically, climbing the stairs to the room where for three weeks he had lain restlessly, a terrible handful to nurse, and yet, ill as he was, not half the trouble that he caused when he was well.

'So he told me,' he said, surlily; 'and he thinks that in another fortnight, if I'm careful, I shall be able to go to work.'

'Yes,' she answered, in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone; 'and then I suppose we shall have the old story over again.'

'Not me!' he responded. 'I ain't fool enough to go and throw away my life, and the doc. says he'll give me only two years if I break out again.'

'All right!' she said. 'Then if I'm here three months before the two years are up I'll see about getting the mourning ready.'

'Yer don't believe I'll keep off it?' he challenged.

'Not you!' she said.

'Very well,' he answered, sturdily. 'Those that live longest will see the most.'

If anything were wanted to complete the effect of the doctor's warning, the scepticism of his wife as to his powers of resistance supplied it. There is a considerable strain of sheer cussedness in most men, and Jim Banks was an Essex man to boot, so he came downstairs and got about amongst his fellow-men with a grim, set look around his lips. Those of his friends who had known him in his youthful days, when he went in a good deal for boxing, knew that look. It meant that his fighting spirit was roused, and he would fight to a finish. And he did.

If the struggle were a hard one, no one ever knew it; Jim unburdened himself to never a soul, only sometimes he would get home extra early and take his little Elsie on his knee and sit by the fire for an hour, never saying a word; and once she showed her mother a bruise on her arm that her father's tight grip of her had caused, and Mrs. Banks's sympathy was stirred, not for the girl, but for the man who made the bruise, for she was beginning dimly to understand that a fight was on.

But the winter time was soon over, and with the spring-leap Jim Banks became a new man. He had always a perfect passion for gardening, and he was in their garden now, early before he left and as late as he could see; and being one of those men who could do nothing by halves, he took to the culture of his flowers as he had taken to drink, and the weeks fled on apace, and the garden became the talk of the whole neighborhood. He had gone mad over it, and spared no expense nor pains. The very rooms in the house were filled with the choicest plants he could buy, and nothing made him happier than to send some choice specimens by Elsie as a present to her school. But bitter past experience prevented Mrs. Banks from indulging many hopes; and she only marvelled when the stage-interlude of this garden-orchestra would be over and the curtain would ring up on the old scenes again.

In her own mind she gave him till Christmas. That would be the end, as at last Christmas he had had his illness after a wilder break-out than she had ever known. and she waited for the coming of that festive season with a sinking heart.

It was Christmas Eve, and Jim came home later than usual, giving his wife an hour or two's scare. But he was perfectly sober, and the first thing he said was:

'Moy's brought the coal yet?'

'No,' she said; 'what coal?'

But just then there came a thumping on the door, and there stood the coalman with two tons of coal for Mrs. Banks.

'My Christmas present ter yer, missis,' said Jim.

And so taken aback was his wife that she forgot to thank him. Perhaps it was the lump in her throat that choked it back. But Jim sat down by the fire and waited, while the shed was filled as full of coal as its owner was once filled with liquor.

'Sit down,' he said to his wife. 'I want ter speak ter you.' And he fumbled in his pocket.

'I got this for sonny,' he pursued, showing her a silver watch. 'And there's another in the other pocket for Elsie. And here's a gold brooch for you.'

'Must have cost a sight of money,' she said, awkwardly.

'Better nor doctor's bills, nor undertaker's,' he jerked out. 'I don't think as how you'll want that mourning next year. That's all drink money, and so's the coal.'

'You must have saved a lot, I know,' she said. 'But haven't you left nothing for yourself?'

'Oh, my share's the flowers, and the prizes I got. And I want something else.'

'What's that?'

'Why, I want you to own up as how you were wrong. I can keep away from the drink, can't I? There's the proof, ain't it? Two ton of coal, that brooch, them watches, and my flowers! Ain't you satisfied?'

She laid one hand on his shoulder unconsciously as she asked:

'Was my saying that what made you do it?'

'Jest at first,' he said; 'leastways, you and the doc., but after a bit I felt a different man like, and folks seemed different to me. It used to be "Jim," and now it's Mr. Banks. Didn't know at first that I'd keep it on after I'd proved to you that I could do it, Sarah, but I ain't a-going back to plain "Jim" no more, and "Jim" drunk at that. Will you own up you were wrong?'

'Yes, Jim. I'll own up I was wrong for once. But don't I wish that crowds of poor wives had a chance to be wrong in the same kind o' way.'

'Poor things!' he said. And then he was astounded to see his self-contained wife suddenly give way and rock to and fro weeping.

'Why!' he cried; 'what's wrong now?'

'You—you said "poor things,"' she sobbed. 'And that's what folks used to say about us. And, oh, Jim, Jim! It did hurt!'

'In order to live, the American saloon must have at least one hundred thousand boys every year.'

Disregarding Advice.

'Be sure, Herbert,' said a father to his son, 'not to go beyond your depth in the bay; the surface looks very fair and sparkling, but there is an ugly eddy beneath that may prove too strong for you.'

'How do you know, father?' asked Herbert.

'I have tried it,' was the reply. 'It nearly overcame me; but I could swim and so got beyond it. Remember what I have told you, and beware of the undertow.'

Herbert went into bathe, and was very careful for some time to keep near the shore. At last he thought, and said to his companions, 'It cannot be very dangerous here; it as smooth as glass, and I could easily return if it should prove rough underneath, for I can swim now.' 'You had better not go,' urged his friend; 'my father also knows the river very well, and he says the undertow is very dangerous.'

'I will only go a little way, and if I find it dangerous I will come back;' and he started vigorously for the middle of the stream. But his companion, watching him, presently saw him throw up his arms wildly, and heard his shout for help. Alas! help came too late. The treacherous undertow had got him, and he was drowned!—'League Journal.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

'Say No Harder.'

'Mamma,' said a small boy to his sweet, gentle mother, 'I do wish when you say no you would say it harder. When Cousin Jane says no to me I know just as well it's no use at all to beg her; but when you say "no" I always think you'll say yes if I beg long enough, and then I have to do it, and I get awfully tired of it, and you get sorry, and I just wish you'd say no hard like Cousin Jane.' The little fellow rested in the strength that denied him more than in the tenderness which he could control, and the poor tender mamma learned a lesson that cost her some tears, but which she never forgot. Nothing on earth is worth having that has not its price; and as surely as it is true nothing buys nothing, it is true that submission does not buy peace.—'Bazar.'

Salt Baths.

If your child is just recovering from some child's disease and does not grow strong rapidly, give him a salt bath. This may be prepared with the sea salt purchased from your druggist or from superior dairy salt. The water must be as warm as possible and a good-sized handful of salt added. Rinse off in clear water and rub until the body is in a healthy glow. The bath should be taken immediately before retiring for the night.—Selected.

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Peace of Heart.

'You have been so brave through all these changes of plan,' said one woman to another. 'I should be all restless and discouraged if I were in your place.'

'Why, no,' said the cheerful little woman, whose plans looked so upset, 'why shou'd I be discouraged? I've got the Lord's fresh air, and sunshine, and good rain and wind, and all His people, and all His help, as long as I'm here on His earth at all. What's the sense of being discouraged, with all that?'

'If I only didn't have to worry about money,' mused another woman, 'it seems to me the world would be so peaceful and lovely.'

Said her friend, 'If peace and loveliness is what you want money to bring you, you can have them without waiting another day. And,' went on the wise friend, 'you do have them already. When I see you sitting there at your mending, quiet and busy and unselfish, your whole face shows peace and sweetness. What more could money do?'

Large amounts of money bring their own special train of cares. There is no evading a certain definite sum of responsibilities in this world. But peace of heart, the peace-giving and sunshine-radiating spirit, has absolutely nothing whatever to do with money. It is often most apparent in those who have the heaviest money difficulties to face; and it has in itself, for all whom it reaches, the finest, broadest, truest sort of advantage and education. The Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount hold all the needed wisdom for the acquisition of peace and contentment.—The 'Wellspring.'

Household Hints.

Insects, it is said, will never attack books which are dusted once a year with powdered alum and white pepper.

For softening water for bathing purposes nothing is better than oatmeal. Place a small quantity in a cheesecloth or muslin bag, place in the water for a minute or two, then squeeze and remove. The oatmeal must be renewed every few days.

A box filled with lime and placed on the shelf in a pantry and frequently renewed will absorb the damp, and keep the air pure and dry.

Butter is so common a commodity that people use it and scarcely ever think what wonderful value lies at their hands in the pats of dainty yellow cream fat. But this delicate fat is as valuable as the dearer cod liver oil for the weakly, thin people, and doctors have frequently recommended the eating of many thin slices of bread thickly spread with butter as a means of pleasantly taking into the bodily tissues one of the purest forms of fat it is possible to get. Butter is a carbon, and all excess of it is stored up as fat in the body. It gives energy and power to work to those who eat heartily of it; so it is not economy at table to spare the butter even to the health folk.—'Presbyterian.'

When washing knives be careful not to put the handles in the water, as if this is done, after a time the blades will become loose and the handles discolored.

Table Manners.

Teach the little one table manners as soon as she is old enough to hold a spoon. Nothing forms a completer dividing line between well-bred and ill-bred persons than manners at table. Eating in company is not merely for gratification of appetite. It is in some sort a festival and should be so regarded.

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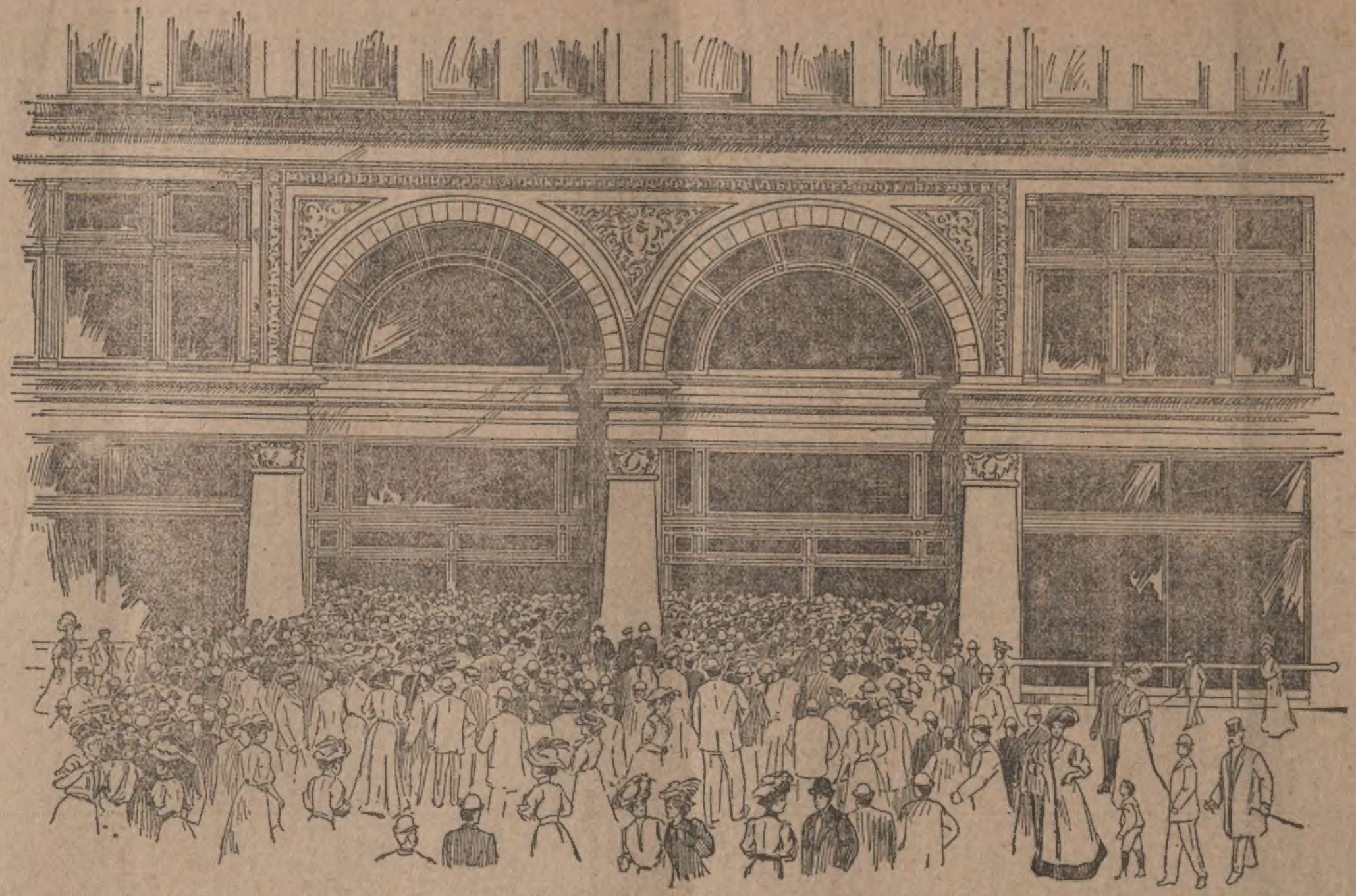

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